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THE
TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE



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*First Edition of this issue of "Venus and Adonis" printed September 1896.
Second Edition, March 1897. Third Edition, April 1898. Fourth Edition,
May 1899. Fifth Edition, July 1900. Sixth Edition, October 1901. Seventh
Edition, November 1902. Eighth Edition, November 1903. Ninth Edition,
November 1904. Tenth Edition, May 1906.*



Charleston.

AND Shakespeare thou, whose honey-flowing vein,
(Pleasing the world) thy praises doth obtain,
Whose *Venus*, and whose *Lucrece* (sweet, and chaste)
Thy name in Fame's immortal Book have plac't.
Live ever you, at least, in Fame live ever
Well may the Body die, but Fame dies never.

RICHARD BARNFIELD: *A Remembrance of
some English Poets.*

AND Shakespeare thou whose honey-flowing vein,
(Pleasing the world) thy graces dost obtain,
Whose Power, and whose Advice (sweet and just)
Thy name in Fame's immortal Book have plac'd.
I live ever, at least, in Fame live ever,
Why may the Body die, but Fame dies never.

RICHARD BARNFIELD. A Remembrance of
some English Poets.

·SHAKESPEARE'S·
·VENUS & ADONIS·

·&c·



·WITH·PREFACE·
·GLOSSARY·ETC·
·BY·ISRAEL·GOLLANGJ·
M·A

·LONDON·:·PUBLISHED·BY·J·M·DENT·
·AND·CO·:·ALDINE·HOUSE·W·C·:·MCMVI

“No man was ever yet a great poet, without being at the same time a profound philosopher. For poetry is the blossom and the fragrancy of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, language. In Shakespeare’s Poems, the creative power and the intellectual energy wrestle as in a war embrace. Each in its excess of strength seems to threaten the extinction of the other. At length in the drama they were reconciled, and fought each other with its shield before the breast of the other. Or like two rapid streams that, at their first meeting within narrow and rocky banks, mutually strive to repel each other, and intermix reluctantly and in tumult, but soon finding a wider channel and more yielding shores, blend and dilate, and flow on in one current and with one voice.”

COLERIDGE.

Preface.

Early Editions. "*Venus and Adonis*" was first printed in Quarto, in 1593, with the following title-page:—

VENVS AND ADONIS

*Vilia miretur vulgus ; mihi flauus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua*

PRINTER'S

DEVICE :—

An anchor with
the motto

'*Anchora spei*'

LONDON :

Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at
the signe of the White Greyhound in
Paules Churchyard.

1593.

The text of "*Venus and Adonis*" is remarkable for its accuracy, and there can be little doubt that the poet himself superintended the printing of the poem, and was responsible for the wording of the title-page. A significant fact is Shakespeare's choice of the printer: Richard Field was the son of Henry Field, a tanner of Stratford-on-Avon; he was apprenticed to a printer in London in the year 1579, and took up his freedom in 1587. Amongst his earliest enterprises was a beautiful edition of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, 1589. In 1592 Shakespeare's father, at Stratford, was engaged in appraising Henry Field's goods; in 1593, in London, Richard Field was engaged in printing William Shakespeare's first poem: the copyright was registered by the printer, for himself, on April the 18th. The publisher of the first three editions was Field's friend, John Harrison. The popularity of the poem is attested by the issue of no less than twelve subsequent editions between 1593 and 1636*; of some of these editions only single copies have come down to us, and it is probable that some editions have been thumbed out of existence. The famous Isham unique copy of the 1599 issue was by mere chance discovered in 1867†; similarly, evidence may be found of other editions, more especially between the years 1596 and 1599, 1602 and 1627.

Date of Composition. Shakespeare, in his Dedication to the Earl of Southampton‡, describes the poem of "*Venus and*

* 1594; 1596; 1599; (?) 1600; 1602 (British Museum); 1602 (Bodleian); 1617; 1620; 1627; 1630; (?) 1630; 1636.

† Cf. Charles Edmond's reprint of his precious "find," 1870. A facsimile of the First Edition is among Dr Furnivall's Quarto Facsimiles (No. 12).

‡ The Earl of Southampton was at this time about twenty; he was born

Adonis " as " the first heir of my invention " ; some critics, taking these words in their absolutely literal sense, refer the composition of the piece to the poet's younger days at Stratford-on-Avon, but there is little to be adduced in favour of this view, and there is no need to strain the words to bear this meaning. By the term " invention " Shakespeare probably implied lyrical or epic poetry, as opposed to dramatic writings; and with reference to the latter it must be remembered that no Shakespearian play had as yet been printed*.

Venus and Adonis must be taken in close connection with such poems as Lodge's *Glaucus and Scilla*, and Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*; to the former of these small " classical epics " (1589) Shakespeare's poem seems to have been indebted for its versification, as perhaps also for much of its characteristic tone and

October 6, 1573; his father died in 1581; at the age of twelve he entered St John's College, Cambridge. Entered at Gray's Inn, London, 1589. He rose in the Queen's favour, but his love for Elizabeth Vernon (Essex's cousin) lost him the queen's interest, in 1595. He married Elizabeth Vernon in 1598. (A full biography is given in Massey's *Shakespeare's Sonnets*.)

Chettle was probably alluding to Southampton when, in his *Kind Heart's Dream* (1592) he refers " to divers of worship " who report Shakespeare's " uprightness of dealing," and his " facetious grace in writing."

* Shakespeare's " affectionate love of nature and natural objects," his many vivid pictures of country life, as evidenced in *Venus and Adonis*, are dwelt upon by those in favour of assigning an earlier date to the poem; they point specially to the famous hunted hare; the eagle turning on her prey; the description of the horse; the signs of weather, and the closing in of the day, etc. It must be borne in mind that the theme of the poem lent itself to the introduction of these rural reminiscences, which throughout Shakespeare's career, and more especially in his early plays, exercised their attraction; many links might be pointed out connecting *Venus and Adonis* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

diction.* Marlowe's poem, left unfinished at its author's death on June 1, 1593, has certain points in common with Shakespeare's, but it is difficult to determine the question of priority. The famous quotation from *Hero and Leander* in *As You Like it* was made after the posthumous publication of the poem in 1598, and there is no direct evidence of Shakespeare's knowledge of Marlowe's work before that date. Marlowe's "rose-cheek'd Adonis" was perhaps therefore a reminiscence of the opening lines of Shakespeare's poem, and the debt was not the other way, as has been suggested. There can be no question that the two poems belonged to the same time.

It is noteworthy that 1593 was a year of plague, and London was so sorely stricken that all theatrical performances were forbidden; this meant leisure for Shakespeare. The companies went on tour in the course of the year; whether Shakespeare was one of the travelling actors is not known.

Early References to "Venus and Adonis." The earliest references to "the first heir" of Shakespeare's "invention" belong to 1598, when Richard Barnfield in his "*Remem-*

* The following is a typical example of Lodge's verse:—

*"He that hath seen the sweet Arcadian boy
Wiping the purple from his forced wound,
His pretty tears betokening his annoy,
His sighs, his cries, his falling on the ground,
The echoes ringing from the rocks his fall,
The trees with tears reporting of his thrall," etc.*

An interesting problem is whether Shakespeare at first attempted a sonnet-sequence on the subject, and subsequently rejected that form in favour of the less monumental six-line stanza (*vide* *Passionate Pilgrim*, iv. v. ix.).

brance of some English Poets," celebrates Shakespeare's "honey-flowing vein":—

"Whose 'Venus' and whose 'Lucrece,' sweet and chaste,
Thy name in fame's immortal book have plac't ;"

in the same year Francis Meres published his famous "Comparative Discourse of our English Poets with the Greek, Latin, and Italian Poets"; "as the soul of Euphorbus," he observed, "was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare; witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugared Sonnets among his private friends," etc. Again, in 1599, in John Weever's verses "Ad Gulielmum Shakespeare," the same epithet, "honey-tongued," is repeated:—

"Honie-tongued Shakespeare, when I saw thine issue,
I swore Apollo got them and none other,
Their rosie-tainted features cloth'd in tissue,
Some heaven-born goddess said to be their mother;
Rose-cheek'd Adonis with his amber tresses,
Faire fire-hot Venus charming him to love her;
Chaste Lucretia, virgin-like her dresses,
Proud lust-stung Tarquin seeking still to prove her," etc.

Perhaps the most interesting of the early allusions to "*Venus and Adonis*" are to be found in the Cambridge play, "*The Return from Parnassus*" (the second of the three "Parnassus" plays), acted at St John's College in 1599, where Gullio's preference for "Mr Shakespeare's vein"* finds exuberant expression:—

* Similarly, in Heywood's "*Fair Maid of the Exchange*" (1607), the lover Bowdler "never read anything but '*Venus and Adonis*,'" and quotes passages, and proposes to imitate Venus in his wooing.

“O sweet Mr Shakespeare! I’ll have his picture in my study at the court.” . . . “Let this duncified world esteem of Spenser and Chaucer, “I’ll worship sweet Mr Shakespeare, and to honour him, will lay his *Venus and Adonis* under my pillow, as we read of one (I do not well remember his name, but I am sure he was a king), slept with Homer under his bed’s head”. The amorous Gullio was, however, not a typical representative of the University; a year or two later, in the third part of the Parnassus Plays, a more judicial utterance is delivered by “Judicio”: —

“Who loves not Adon’s love, or Lucrece rape?
His sweeter verse contains heart-throbbing life,
Could but a graver subject him content,
Without love’s foolish lazy languishment.”

The writer of the lines was not ignorant of “graver subjects” which had already contented the author of “Adon’s love”; but these belonged to the department of drama, and were not to be classed with poetry. Not long after, a more experienced scholar than the author of the plays, the much abused Gabriel Harvey, Spenser’s “Hobbinol,” wrote on the fly-leaf of a Chaucer folio: —“The younger sort take much delight in Shakespeare’s *Venus and Adonis*; but his *Lucrece*, and his Tragedy of *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, have it in them to please the wiser sort.” One thing is quite certain, to wit, that Shakespeare’s first published venture brought him no little contemporary fame.*

* In 1598, John Marston, the satirist, published, as “The first blooms of my poesie,” an imitation of *Venus and Adonis*, under the title of “*The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion’s Image*”; in his “*Scourge of Villainy*” (Sat. vi.), Marston pretended that the poem was a satire on that kind of poetry; in 1599 it was ordered to be burnt. In Cranley’s *Amanda* (1635) it is mentioned together with *Venus and Adonis*, and *Hero and Leander*,

The Source of the Plot. Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Bk. x., was certainly the direct source of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, though the story must have been familiar to the poet in various forms: whether he read Ovid in the original, or contented himself with Golding's translation (1567) cannot be definitely determined; Prospero's abjuration (*Tempest* iv. 1) shows his indebtedness to the translator, but this does not prove that his Latin was too little to enable him to follow the story as printed in Field's dainty edition of the *Metamorphoses*, or in any other edition.* Anyhow, his plot departs from Ovid's in many details. Shakespeare may have read Constable's "*Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis*," which, though first published in *England's Helicon* (1600), had perhaps previously circulated in manuscripts, but the question of date is of no importance: Shakespeare's debt to Constable must have been very slight.

Bion's tender elegy, and the idylls of Theocritus and other poets of the Greek Anthology were evidently quite unknown to Shakespeare. His '*Adonis*' does not return from Hades. Folklorists can find in the poem only the Death, not the Resurrection of Vegetation,—only one part of that wide-spread nature-myth and nature-worship which passed, with much of its accompanying ritual, from the East to Western Europe, captivating the

as part of a courtesan's library. Shakespeare's allusion to "*Pygmalion's images*," in *Measure for Measure*, III. ii. 48, should be noted. William Barksted's "*Mirra, the mother of Adonis, or Lust's Prodigies*," ends with an enthusiastic tribute to "*Venus and Adonis*" and its author.

* Cf. Prof. Baynes' articles in *Fraser's Magazine*, vol. xxi. pp. 83-102; 619-641.

In the Bodleian there is an edition of Ovid which may possibly be Shakespeare's own copy (*vide* account of the book, with facsimile page, in the German Shakespeare Society's Transactions).

minds of the masses, and inspiring the minds of the poets. Venus mourning for Adonis, Isis for Osiris, Astarte for Thammuz, are but variants of the same theme. It is not unhelpful to be reminded of the genesis of Shakespeare's sensuous and voluptuous theme.*

The Passionate Pilgrim. "*The Passionate Pilgrim*" was first printed in 1599, with the following title:—

"THE | PASSIONATE | PILGRIME. | By W. Shakespeare. | AT LONDON | Printed for W. Jaggard, and are | to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey- | hound in Paules Churchyard. | 1599." †

In the middle of sheet C ‡ is a second title:—"SONNETS | To sundry notes of Musicke."

* Spenser's curious reference to the Gardens of Adonis should be noted (*Faerie Queene*, Book III. i. 34).

The Eastern origin of the myth is significantly preserved in the name of the hero: "*Adonis*" = "*Adon*," i.e. Lord; again, *anemone* = "*naaman*," "the darling"; the Arabs call the anemone the "wounds of the Naaman."

According to Bion, the rose sprung from the blood of Adonis, the anemone from his tears.

In the Greek myth, *Aphrodite* has taken the place of *Astarte*; probably the name of the Greek Venus is itself a modification of some Eastern name.

The old translators of the Bible identified 'Thammuz' with 'Adonis,' in Ezekiel viii. 14, where the English Bible translates the Hebrew correctly, "*And behold there set women weeping for Thammuz*," the Vulgate renders, "*Et ecce ibi mulieres sedebant plangentes Adonidem*."

† Cf. Fac-simile edition among Dr Furnivall's Quarto-Fac-similes; also Charles Edmond's reprint of the Isham copy, discovered in 1867; these and the 'Capell' copy are the only copies known.

‡ i.e. before the song beginning with "*It was a lordling's daughter*," etc.

In 1612 an edition was issued augmented by the addition of some poems by Thomas Heywood, 'two love-epistles, the first from *Paris* to *Hellen*, and *Hellen's* answer back again to *Paris*,' and the whole were attributed to Shakespeare. The issue is described as 'the third edition' on the title-page, but no second edition has been traced.

In deference to a protest on Heywood's part,* the piratical publisher cancelled the first title-page, and substituted a second, omitting Shakespeare's name; the Bodleian copy (formerly the property of Malone) has the two title-pages, the original one being left by some inadvertence.

In 1640 a new edition, with much additional matter, altogether un-Shakespearian, was issued as "Poems: written by Wil. Shake-speare, Gent."

The Contents of the Volume. "*The Passionate Pilgrim*" has aptly been described as a 'rag-picker's bag of stolen goods.' Like many another pirate-publisher, Jaggard must needs issue a book purporting to be by the author of the hour: by some underhand means he obtained transcripts more or less correct of 'the sugar'd sonnets,' referred to by Francis Meres;

* In the postscript to the *Apology for Actors*, 1612, Heywood wrote:—"Here, likewise, I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done me in that work (viz. the *Troia Britannica*, published in 1609), by taking the two epistles of Paris to Helen, and Helen to Paris, and printing them in a less volume under the name of another, which may put the world in opinion I might steal them from him, and he to do himself right, hath since published them in his own name; but, as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath published them, so the author, I know was much offended with Mr Jaggard that (altogether unknown to him) presumed to make so bold with his name.

he conveyed three pieces from the printed text of *Love's Labour's Lost* *; to these genuine Shakespearian articles he added sundry songs and sonnets, some by well-known authors of the day, some by obscure poetasters, some perhaps manufactured to order, so as to give a Shakespearian colouring to the volume; possibly one or two fragments of true metal may have been preserved in the miscellaneous collection.

The Identification of the Poems. I. II. Shakespeare's Sonnets, 138 and 144 (with various readings).

III. Longaville's Sonnet to Maria in *Love's Labour's Lost*.

IV. (?) Shakespeare's (on "*Venus and Adonis*").

V. From *Love's Labour's Lost*.

VI. (?) Shakespeare's (on "*Venus and Adonis*").

VII. (?) Shakespeare's.

VIII. Probably by Richard Barnfield, in whose *Poems in Divers Humors*, 1598, it had first appeared.

IX. (?) Shakespeare's (on "*Venus and Adonis*").

X. Probably not Shakespeare's.

XI. Probably by Bartholomew Griffin: it had already appeared, with variations, in 1596, in his "*Fidessa more Chaste than Kind*."

XII. Probably not Shakespeare's.

* The many variant readings in the Shakespearian portions of the collection were probably due in some cases to Jaggard's editor, in others to incorrect transcripts. An instance of the former is perhaps to be found in the last line of V., where the play reads, "*That sings heaven's praise,*" etc. It will be remembered that Holofernes chides Nathaniel for not finding the apostrophas, and so missing the accent: "let me supervise the canzonet." Had Jaggard properly supervised it, he would, I think, have read "*That singēs*" instead of "*To sing*" (cp. "*Love's Labour's Lost*," Notes). Some of the changes in the Sonnets may have been intentional for the purpose of obscuring references to the person alluded to.

XIII. Perhaps by the author of X.

XIV.-XV. Probably not Shakespeare's.*

XVI. Not Shakespeare's.

XVII. Dumain's Poem to Kate, *Love's Labour's Lost* (IV. iii.).

XVIII. Found in Weekes's "*Madrigals*," 1597; also in "*England's Helicon*," 1600, with the title "*The Unknown Shepherd's Complaint*," and subscribed "*Ignoto*" (probably printed from the 1599 volume).†

XIX. Doubtfully Shakespeare's. The poem strongly resembles one section of *Willobie's Avis*a, published 1594.‡

XX. By Christopher Marlowe. "*The Lover's Answer*," probably by Sir Walter Raleigh. In *England's Helicon* the poem is given in full.§

XXI. By Richard Barnfield, from "*Poems in divers humours*," 1598 (ll. 1-28 found also in "*England's Helicon*," signed "*Ignoto*").

"*The Passionate Pilgrim*" belonged in reality to the poetical miscellanies so popular at the time; it deserved utter failure for the undue liberty it had taken with Shakespeare's great name, and it perhaps deserved the almost too severe though eloquent

* Wrongly printed as two poems, though evidently not intended as such in the First Edition.

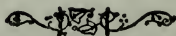
† *Cp.* Bullen's edition of "*England's Helicon*," p. xxi., where he gives his opinion in favour of Barnfield's authorship.

‡ *Cp.* Preface to *Sonnets*, on the subject of this curiously interesting book.

§ Isaac Walton's well-known reference did much to maintain the fame of the lyric:—"As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me; 'twas a handsome milkmaid: she cast away all care and sang like a nightingale. Her voice was good and the ditty fitted for it: it was the smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago. And the milkmaid's mother sang an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his young days."

censure which a modern poet, Mr Swinburne, has passed upon it. When the genuine Shakespearian pieces have been taken into account, "the rest of the ragman's gatherings, with three most notable exceptions, is little better for the most part than dry rubbish or disgusting refuse. . . . I need not say that those three exceptions are the stolen and garbled work of Marlowe and of Barnfield, our elder Shelley and our first-born Keats; the singer of Cynthia in verse well worthy of Endymion, who would seem to have died as a poet in the same fatal year of his age that Keats died as a man; the first adequate English laureate of the nightingale, to be supplanted or equalled by none until the advent of his mightier brother."

" . . . Our Poet, him
Whose insight makes all others dim:
A thousand poets pried at life,
And only one amid the strife
Rose to be Shakspeare."



VENUS AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus ; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

To the
RIGHT HONORABLE HENRIE WRIOTHESLEY,
Earle of Southampton, and Baron of Titchfield.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my vnpolisht lines to your Lordship, nor how the worlde will censure me for choosing so strong a proppe to support so weake a burthen, onely if your Honour seeme but pleased, I account my selfe highly praised, and vowe to take aduantage of all idle houres, till I haue honoured you with some grauer labour. But if the first heire of my inuention proue deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father: and neuer after eare so barren a land, for fear it yeeld me still so bad a haruest, I leaue it to your Honourable suruey, and your Honor to your hearts content which I wish may alwaies answere your owne wish, and the worlds hopefull expectation.

Your Honors in all dutie,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Venus and Adonis.

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase ;
Hunting he loved, but love he laugh'd to scorn :
 Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
 And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him.

'Thrice fairer than myself,' thus she began,
'The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are ; 10
 Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
 Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

‘Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow ;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know :
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set, I ’ll smother thee with kisses ;

‘And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty, 20
Making them red and pale with fresh variety ;
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty :
A summer’s day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.’

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth’s sovereign salve to do a goddess good :
Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse. 30

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy ;
 She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
 He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimble she fastens—O, how quick is love !—
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove : 40
 Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
 And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips :
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips ;
 And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
 ' If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.'

He burns with bashful shame ; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks ; 50
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks :
 He saith she is immodest, blames her miss ;
 What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone ;
 Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
 And where she ends she doth anew begin. 60

Forced to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies and breatheth in her face ;
She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace ;
 Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
 So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies ;
Pure shame and awed resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes : 70
 Rain added to a river that is rank
 Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale ;
Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,
'T'wixt crimson shame, and anger ashy-pale ;
 Being red, she loves him best ; and being white,
 Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love ;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears, 80
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
 Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet ;
 And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in ;
So offers he to give what she did crave ;
 But when her lips were ready for his pay,
 He winks, and turns his lips another way. 90

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get ;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn :
 ' O, pity, ' 'gan she cry, ' flint-hearted boy !
 'Tis but a kiss I beg ; why art thou coy ?

' I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar ; 100
 Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
 And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

‘Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter’d shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn’d to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile and jest ;
 Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,
 Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

‘Thus he that overruled I overswayed,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain : 110
Strong-temper’d steel his stronger strength obeyed,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
 O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
 For mastering her that foil’d the god of fight !

‘Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine—
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red—
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine :
What see’st thou in the ground ? hold up thy head :
 Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies ;
 Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes ? 120

‘ Art thou ashamed to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink ; so shall the day seem night ;
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain ;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight :

 These blue-vein’d violets whereon we lean
 Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

‘ The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shews thee unripe ; yet mayst thou well be tasted :
Make use of time, let not advantage slip ;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted :

130

 Fair flowers that are not gather’d in their prime
 Rot and consume themselves in little time.

‘ Were I hard-favour’d, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtured, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O’erworn, despised, rheumatic and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
 Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee ;
 But having no defects, why dost abhor me ?

‘Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are grey and bright and quick in turning; 140
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

‘Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell’d hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire. 150

‘Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

‘Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft. 160
 Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
 And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

‘Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth’s abuse:
 Seeds spring from seeds and beauty breedeth beauty;
 Thou wast begot; to get it is thy duty.

‘Upon the earth’s increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed? 170
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;
 And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
 In that thy likeness still is left alive.’

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them,
 Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
 So he were like him and by Venus' side. 180

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,
 Souring his cheeks, cries, 'Fie, no more of love!
 The sun doth burn my face; I must remove.'

'Ay me,' quoth Venus, 'young, and so unkind!
What bare excuses makest thou to be gone!
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun: 190
 I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
 If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

‘The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee :
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me ;
 And were I not immortal, life were done
 Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

‘ Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel ?
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth : 200
Art thou a woman’s son, and canst not feel
What ’tis to love ? how want of love tormenteth ?
 O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
 She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

‘ What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this ?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit ?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss ?
Speak, fair ; but speak fair words, or else be mute :
 Give me one kiss, I ’ll give it thee again,
 And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain. 210

‘Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred !

Thou art no man, though of a man’s complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction.’

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause ;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong ;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause : 220

And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground ;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band :
She would, he will not in her arms be bound ;

And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

‘Fondling,’ she saith, ‘since I have hemm’d thee here
 Within the circuit of this ivory pale, 230
 I’ll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer ;
 Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale :
 Graze on my lips, and if those hills be dry,
 Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

‘Within this limit is relief enough,
 Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful plain,
 Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
 To shelter thee from tempest and from rain :
 Then be my deer, since I am such a park ;
 No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.’

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain, 241
 That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple :
 Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
 He might be buried in a tomb so simple ;
 Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
 Why, there Love lived, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking? 250
 Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
 To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
 'Pity,' she cries, 'some favour, some remorse!'
 Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young and proud, 260
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts and neighs aloud:
 The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
 Breaketh his rein and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder ;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder ;
 The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
 Controlling what he was controlled with. 270

His ears up-prick'd ; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end ;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send :
 His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
 Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride ;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say ' Lo, thus my strength is tried ; 280
 And this I do to captivate the eye
 Of the fair breeder that is standing by.'

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering 'Holla' or his 'Stand, I say' ?
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur ?
For rich caparisons or trappings gay ?

He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well proportion'd steed, 290
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed ;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide :
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back. 300

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares ;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather ;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whether he run or fly they know not whether ;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her ;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind :
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind, 310
Spurns at his love and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He vails his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent :
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.
His love, perceiving how he was enraged,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

His testy master goeth about to take him ;
When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear, 320
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there :
 As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
 Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast :
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest ;
 For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
 When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue. 330

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage :
So of concealed sorrow may be said ;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage ;
 But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
 The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind, 340
 Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
 For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy !
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy !
 But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
 It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels ; 350
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels :
 His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
 As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them !
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing ;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them ;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing :
 And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
 With tears, which chorus-like her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand, 361
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band ;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe :
 This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
 Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began :
' O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound ; 370
 For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
 Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.'

‘Give me my hand,’ saith he ; ‘ why dost thou feel it ! ’
 ‘ Give me my heart,’ saith she, ‘ and thou shalt have it ;
 O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
 And being steel’d, soft sighs can never grave it :
 Then love’s deep groans I never shall regard,
 Because Adonis’ heart hath made mine hard.’

‘ For shame,’ he cries, ‘ let go, and let me go ;
 My day’s delight is past, my horse is gone, 380
 And ’tis your fault I am bereft him so :
 I pray you hence, and leave me here alone ;
 For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
 Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.’

Thus she replies : ‘ Thy palfrey, as he should,
 Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire :
 Affection is a coal that must be cool’d ;
 Else, suffer’d, it will set the heart on fire :
 The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none ;
 Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone. 390

'How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
 Servilely master'd with a leathern rein !
 But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
 He held such petty bondage in disdain ;
 Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
 Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

'Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
 Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
 But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
 His other agents aim at like delight ? 409
 Who is so faint, that dares not be so bold
 To touch the fire, the weather being cold ?

'Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy ;
 And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
 To take advantage on presented joy ;
 Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee :
 O, learn to love ; the lesson is but plain,
 And once made perfect, never lost again.'

‘ I know not love, ’ quoth he, ‘ nor will not know it,
 Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it ; 410
 ’Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it ;
 My love to love is love but to disgrace it ;
 For I have heard it is a life in death,
 That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

‘ Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish’d ?
 Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth ?
 If springing things be any jot diminish’d,
 They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth :
 The colt that ’s back’d and burthen’d being young
 Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong. 420

‘ You hurt my hand with wringing ; let us part,
 And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat :
 Remove your siege from my unyielding heart ;
 To love’s alarms it will not ope the gate :
 Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery ;
 For where a heart is hard they make no battery.’

‘What! canst thou talk?’ quoth she, ‘hast thou a tongue?
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid’s voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press’d with bearing: 43^o
 Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
 Ear’s deep-sweet music, and heart’s deep-sore
 wounding.

‘Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible:
 Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
 Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

‘Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch, 44^o
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
 For from the stillitory of thy face excelling
 Comes breath perfumed, that breedeth love by smelling.

‘But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
 Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
 Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
 And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,
 Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
 Should by his stealing in disturb the feast?’ 450

Once more the ruby-colour’d portal open’d,
 Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
 Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken’d
 Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
 Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
 Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:
 Even as the wind is hush’d before it raineth,
 Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
 Or as the berry breaks before it staineth, 460
 Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
 His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth :
A smile recures the wounding of a frown ;
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth !
 The silly boy, believing she is dead,
 Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red ;

And all amazed brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her, 470
Which cunning love did wittily prevent :
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her !
 For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
 Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips ; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd :
 He kisses her ; and she, by her good will,
 Will never rise, so he will kiss her still. 480

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day :
 Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
 Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
 He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth :
 And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
 So is her face illumined with her eye ;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
 As if from thence they borrowed all their shine.
 Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
 Had not his clouded with his brow's repine ; 490
 But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
 Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

'O, where am I ?' quoth she ; 'in earth or heaven,
 Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire ?
 What hour is this ? or morn or weary even ?
 Do I delight to die, or life desire ?
 But now I lived, and life was death's annoy ;
 But now I died, and death was lively joy.

‘O, thou didst kill me : kill me once again :
Thy eyes’ shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine, 500
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder’d this poor heart of mine ;
 And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
 But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

‘ Long may they kiss each other, for this cure !
O, never let their crimson liveries wear !
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year !
 That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
 May say, the plague is banish’d by thy breath. 510

‘ Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing ?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing ;
 Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
 Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

‘ A thousand kisses buys my heart from me ;
 And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
 What is ten hundred touches unto thee ?
 Are they not quickly told and quickly gone ? 520
 Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
 Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble ? ’

‘ Fair queen,’ quoth he, ‘ if any love you owe me,
 Measure my strangeness with my unripe years :
 Before I know myself, seek not to know me ;
 No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears :
 The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
 Or being early pluck’d is sour to taste.

‘ Look, the world’s comforter, with weary gait,
 His day’s hot task hath ended in the west ; 530
 The owl, night’s herald, shrieks, ’tis very late ;
 The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest ;
 And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven’s light
 Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

'Now let me say 'Good night,' and so say you ;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.'
'Good night,' quoth she ; and, ere he says 'Adieu,'
The honey fee of parting tender'd is :
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace ;
Incorporate then they seem ; face grows to face. 540

Till breathless he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth :
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth ;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth ; 550
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage ;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage,
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tamed with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe that 's tired with chasing, 561
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
And yields at last to every light impression ?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission :
Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,
But then woos best when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over, 571
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover ;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd :
 Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
 Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him ;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart :
She is resolved no longer to restrain him ;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart, 580
 The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
 He carries thence incaged in his breast.

'Sweet boy,' she says, 'this night I'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow ?
Say, shall we ? shall we ? wilt thou make the match ?
 He tells her, no ; to-morrow he intends
 To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

'The boar ! ' quoth she : whereat a sudden pale,
 Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose, 590
 Usurps her cheek ; she trembles at his tale,
 And on his neck her yoking arms she throws :
 She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
 He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
 Her champion mounted for the hot encounter :
 All is imaginary she doth prove,
 He will not manage her, although he mount her ;
 That worse than 'Tantalus' is her annoy,
 To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy. 600

Even so poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,
 Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,
 Even so she languisheth in her mishaps
 As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
 The warm effects which she in him finds missing
 She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain ; good queen, it will not be :
She hath assay'd as much as may be proved ;
Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee ;
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not loved. 610
 'Fie, fie,' he says, 'you crush me ; let me go ;
 You have no reason to withhold me so.'

'Thou hadst been gone,' quoth she, 'sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O, be advised : thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
 Whose tushes never sheathed he whetteth still,
 Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

'On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes ; 620
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret ;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes ;
 Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
 And whom he strikes his crooked tushes slay.

‘ His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,
 Are better proof than thy spear’s point can enter ;
 His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed ;
 Being ireful, on the lion he will venture :
 The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
 As fearful of him, part ; through whom he rushes.

‘ Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine, 631
 To which Love’s eyes pay tributary gazes ;
 Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips and crystal eyne,
 Whose full perfection all the world amazes ;
 But having thee at vantage—wondrous dread !—
 Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

‘ O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still ;
 Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends :
 Come not within his danger by thy will ;
 They that thrive well take counsel of their friends. 640
 When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
 I fear’d thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

‘ Didst thou not mark my face ? was it not white ?
Saw’st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye ?
Grew I not faint ? and fell I not downright ?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

‘ For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection’s sentinel ; 650
Gives false alarms, suggested mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry ‘ Kill, kill ! ’
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

‘ This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up Love’s tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear : 660

‘ And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain’d with gore ;
 Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
 Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

‘ What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination ?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination : 670
 I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
 If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

‘ But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me ;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe which no encounter dare :
 Pursue these fearful creatures o’er the downs,
 And on thy well-breath’d horse keep with thy hounds.

‘ And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles, 680
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles :
 The many musits through the which he goes
 Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

‘ Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell ;
 And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer :
 Danger deviseth shifts : wit waits on fear : 690

‘ For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out ;
 Then do they spend their mouths : Echo replies,
 As if another chase were in the skies.

‘ By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still :
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear ; 700
 And now his grief may be compared well
 To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

‘ Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way ;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay :
 For misery is trodden on by many,
 And being low never relieved by any.

‘ Lie quietly, and hear a little more ;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise : 710
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear’st me moralize,
 Applying this to that, and so to so ;
 For love can comment upon every woe.

‘Where did I leave?’ ‘No matter where,’ quoth he;
‘Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:

The night is spent.’ ‘Why, what of that?’ quoth she.

‘I am,’ quoth he, ‘expected of my friends;
And now ’tis dark, and going I shall fall.’

‘In night,’ quoth she, ‘desire sees best of all. 720

‘But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.

Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn’d of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine; 730
Wherein she framed thee, in high heaven’s despite,
To shame the sun by day and her by night.

‘ And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities
And pure perfection with impure defeature ;
 Making it subject to the tyranny
 Of mad mischances and much misery ;

‘ As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies wood, 740
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attain
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood :
 Surfeits, imposthumes, grief and damn’d despair,
 Swear Nature’s death for framing thee so fair.

‘ And not the least of all these maladies
But in one minute’s fight brings beauty under :
Both favour, savour, hue and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
 Are on the sudden wasted, thaw’d and done,
 As mountain snow melts with the midday sun. 750

‘Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
 Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night
 Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

‘What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity? 760
 If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
 Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

‘So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
 Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
 But gold that ’s put to use more gold begets.’

‘Nay, then,’ quoth Adon, ‘you will fall again
 Into your idle over-handled theme : 770
 The kiss I gave you is bestow’d in vain,
 And all in vain you strive against the stream ;
 For, by this black-faced night, desire’s foul nurse,
 Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

‘ If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
 And every tongue more moving than your own,
 Bewitching like the wanton mermaid’s songs,
 Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown ;
 For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
 And will not let a false sound enter there ; 780

‘ Lest the deceiving harmony should run
 Into the quiet closure of my breast ;
 And then my little heart were quite undone,
 In his bedchamber to be barr’d of rest.
 No, lady, no ; my heart longs not to groan,
 But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

‘What have you urged that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger :
I hate not love, but your device in love
That lends embracements unto every stranger. 790
 You do it for increase : O strange excuse,
 When reason is the bawd to lust’s abuse !

‘Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp’d his name ;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame ;
 Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
 As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

‘Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust’s effect is tempest after sun ; 800
Love’s gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust’s winter comes ere summer half be done ;
 Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies ;
 Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

‘More I could tell, but more I dare not say ;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away ;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen :
 Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
 Do burn themselves for having so offended.’ 810

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark lawnd runs apace ;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress’d.
 Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
 So glides he in the night from Venus’ eye :

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend : 820
 So did the merciless and pitchy night
 Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amazed, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood ;
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled, 830
Make verbal repetition of her moans ;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled :
'Ay me!' she cries, and twenty times, 'Woe, woe !'
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty ;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote ;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty :
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer so. 840

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short :
If pleased themselves, others, they think, delight
In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport :
 Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
 End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds resembling parasites ;
Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits? 850
 She says ' 'Tis so ' : they answer all ' 'Tis so ' ;
 And would say after her, if she said ' No. '

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty ;
 Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
 That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow :
‘O thou clear god, and patron of all light, 860
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
 There lives a son, that suck’d an earthly mother,
 May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.’

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o’erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love :
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn :
 Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
 And all in haste she coasteth to the cry. 870

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay :
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
 Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
 Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay ;
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreathed up in fatal folds just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder ; 880
 Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
 Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud :
 Finding their enemy to be so curst,
 They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart ; 890
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part :
 Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
 They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy ;
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid ;
 Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more :
 And with that word she spied the hunted boar ; 900

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither :
 This way she runs, and now she will no further,
 But back retires to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways ;
She treads the path that she untreads again ;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain, 910
 Full of respects, yet not at all respecting :
 In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master ;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster ;
 And here she meets another sadly scowling,
 To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim, 920
Against the welkin volleys out his voice ;
Another and another answer him,
 Clapping their proud tales to the ground below,
 Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies ;
 So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
 And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death. 930

‘Hard-favour’d tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love,’—thus chides she Death,—
‘Grim-grinning ghost, earth’s worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
Who when he lived, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet ?

‘If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it ;—
O yes, it may ; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit. 940
Thy mark is feeble age ; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant’s heart.

‘Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke ;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck’st a flower :
Love’s golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death’s ebon dart, to strike him dead,

‘Dost thou drink tears, that thou provokest such weeping?
 What may a heavy groan advantage thee? 950
 Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
 Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
 Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
 Since her best work is ruin’d with thy rigour.’

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
 She veil’d her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp’d
 The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
 In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp’d;
 But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
 And with his strong course opens them again. 960

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
 Her eye seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
 Both crystals, where they view’d each other’s sorrow,
 Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
 But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
 Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief ;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so
That every present sorrow seemeth chief, 970
 But none is best : then join they all together,
 Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holloa ;
A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well :
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel ;
 For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
 And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass : 980
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass
 To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
 Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous !
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes ;
Despair, and hope, makes thee ridiculous :
 The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
 In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly. 990

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought ;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame ;
It was not she that call'd him all to nought :
Now she adds honours to his hateful name ;
 She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings,
 Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

‘No, no,’ quoth she, ‘sweet Death, I did but jest ;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe ; 1000
 Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must confess,—
 I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault : the boar provoked my tongue ;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander ;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong ;
I did but act, he 's author of thy slander :
 Grief hath two tongues ; and never woman yet
 Could rule them both without ten women's wit.'

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate ; 1010
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate ;
 Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories
 His victories, his triumphs and his glories.

' O Jove,' quoth she, ' how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind
To wail his death who lives and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind !
 For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
 And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again. 1020

‘Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemm’d with thieves ;
Trifles unwitnessed with eye or ear
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.’
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcons to the lure, away she flies ;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light ;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar’s conquest on her fair delight ; 1030
Which seen, her eyes, as murder’d with the view,
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew ;

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there all smother’d up in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again ;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head :

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain ; 1040
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again ;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes ;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes ;

And being open'd threw unwilling light 1051
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank ; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd :
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf or weed,
But stole his blood and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth ;
 Over one shoulder doth she hang her head ;
 Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth ;
 She thinks he could not die, he is not dead : 1060
 Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow ;
 Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly
 That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three ;
 And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
 That makes more gashes where no breach should be :
 His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled ;
 For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

' My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
 And yet,' quoth she, ' behold two Adons dead ! 1070
 My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
 Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead :
 Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire !
 So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

‘ Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost !
What face remains alive that ’s worth the viewing ?
Whose tongue is music now ? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing ?
 The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim ;
 But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him. 1080

‘ Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear !
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you :
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear ;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you :
 But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air
 Lurk’d like two thieves, to rob him of his fair.

‘ And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep ;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks : then would Adonis weep ; 1090
 And straight, in pity of his tender years,
 They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

‘ To see his face the lion walk’d along
 Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him ;
 To recreate himself when he hath sung,
 The tiger would be tame and gently hear him ;
 If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
 And never fright the silly lamb that day.

‘ When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
 The fishes spread on it their golden gills ; 1100
 When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
 That some would sing, some other in their bills
 Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries ;
 He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

‘ But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
 Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
 Ne’er saw the beauteous livery that he wore ;
 Witness the entertainment that he gave :
 If he did see his face, why then I know
 He thought to kiss him, and hath kill’d him so. 1110

‘Tis true, ’tis true ; thus was Adonis slain :

He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,

Who did not whet his teeth at him again,

But by a kiss thought to persuade him there ;

And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine

Sheathed unaware the tusk in his soft groin.

‘ Had I been tooth’d like him, I must confess,

With kissing him I should have kill’d him first ;

But he is dead, and never did he bless

My youth with his ; the more am I accurst.’

1120

With this, she falleth in the place she stood,

And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale ;

She takes him by the hand, and that is cold ;

She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,

As if they heard the woeful words she told ;

She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,

Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies ;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
 A thousand times, and now no more reflect ; 1130
 Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
 And every beauty robb'd of his effect :

‘Wonder of time,’ quoth she, ‘this is my spite,
 That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

‘Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy,
 Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend :
 It shall be waited on with jealousy,
 Find sweet beginning but unsavoury end ;
 Ne’er settled equally, but high or low,
 That all love’s pleasure shall not match his woe.

‘It shall be fickle, false and full of fraud ; 1141
 Bud, and be blasted, in a breathing-while ;
 The bottom poison, and the top o’erstraw’d
 With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile :
 The strongest body shall it make most weak,
 Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

‘ It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures ;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures ;
 It shall be raging-mad, and silly-mild, 1151
 Make the young old, the old become a child.

· It shall suspect where is no cause of fear ;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust ;
It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just ;
 Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
 Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

‘ It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension ’twixt the son and sire ; 1160
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire :
 Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy
 They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.’

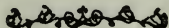
By this the boy that by her side lay kill'd
 Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
 And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
 A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,
 Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood 1169
 Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
 Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
 And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
 Since he himself is reft from her by death:
 She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
 Green-dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy father's guise—
 Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire—
 For every little grief to wet his eyes:
 To grow unto himself was his desire, 1180
 And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
 To wither in my breast as in his blood.

‘ Here was thy father’s bed, here in my breast ;
Thou art the next of blood, and ’tis thy right :
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest ;
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night :
 There shall not be one minute in an hour
 Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love’s flower.’

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves ; by whose swift aid 1190
Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey’d ;
 Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
 Means to immure herself and not be seen.



THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

The Passionate Pilgrim.

I

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young, 5
Although I know my years be past the best,
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.
But wherefore says my love that she is young?
And wherefore say not I that I am old? 10
O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.
Therefore I 'll lie with love, and love with me,
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

II

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,
 That like two spirits do suggest me still ;
 My better angel is a man right fair,
 My worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.

To win me soon to hell, my female evil
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
 Wooing his purity with her fair pride.

And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell :

For being both to me, both to each friend,
 I guess one angel in another's hell :

The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

5

10

III

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove, 5
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine, 10
Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

IV

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear, 5
She show'd him favours to allure his eye ;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there ;
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refused to take her figured proffer, 10
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer :
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward :
He rose and ran away ; ah, fool too froward.

V

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed:
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.
Study his bias leaves, and make his book thine eyes, 5
Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend:
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire: 10
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful
thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

VI

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made
Under an osier growing by a brook, 5
A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen :
Hot was the day ; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim : 10
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him.

He, spying her, bounced in, whereas he stood :
' O Jove,' quoth she, ' why was not I a flood ! '

VII

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty,
Brighter than glass and yet, as glass is, brittle,
Softer than wax and yet as iron rusty :

A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her, 5
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing !
How many tales to please me hath she coined,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing ! 10

Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth ;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth ;
She framed the love, and yet she foil'd the framing ; 15
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.

Was this a lover, or a lecher whether ?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VIII

If music and sweet poetry agree,
 As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
 Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
 Because thou lovest the one and I the other.
 Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch 5
 Upon the lute doth ravish human sense ;
 Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
 As passing all conceit needs no defence.
 Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
 That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes ; 10
 And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
 When as himself to singing he betakes.
 One god is god of both, as poets feign ;
 One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

IX

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild ;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill : 5
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds ;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds :
'Once,' quoth she, 'did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar, 10
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth !
See in my thigh,' quoth she, 'here was the sore.'
She showed hers : he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

X

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded,
 Pluck'd in the bud and vaded in the spring!

Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded!

Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!

Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree, 5
 And falls through wind before the fall should be.

I weep for thee and yet no cause I have;

For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will:

And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;

For why I craved nothing of thee still: 10

O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,
 Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

XI

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him :
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god embraced me,' 5
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms ;
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god unlaced me,'
As if the boy should use like loving charms ;
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'he seized on my lips,'
And with her lips on his did act the seizure : 10
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away !

XII

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together :
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care ;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather ;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short ; 5
 Youth is nimble, age is lame ;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold ;
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee ; youth, I do adore thee ;
 O, my love, my love is young ! 10
Age, I do defy thee : O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XIII

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good ;
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly ;
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud ;
A brittle glass that's broken presently :
 A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower, 5
 Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found,
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress, 10
 So beauty blemish'd once 's for ever lost,
 In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost.

XIV

Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share :
She bade good night that kept my rest away ;
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.

‘Farewell,’ quoth she, ‘and come again to-morrow :’
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow. 6

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether :
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'T may be, again to make me wander thither : 10
‘Wander,’ a word for shadows like myself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XV

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east !
My heart doth charge the watch ; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
 While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark, 5
 And wish her lays were tuned like the lark ;
For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
And drives away dark dreaming night ;
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty ;
Heart hath his hope and eyes their wished sight ; 10
 Sorrow changed to solace and solace mix'd with sorrow ;
 For why, she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.
Were I with her, the night would post too soon ;
But now are minutes added to the hours ;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon ; 15
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers !
 Pack night, peep day ; good day, of night now borrow ;
 Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

XVI

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That liked of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that eye could see,
Her fancy fell a-turning.

Long was the combat doubtful that love with love did fight,
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight : 6
To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel !

But one must be refused ; more mickle was the pain
That nothing could be used to turn them both to gain, 10
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain :
Alas, she could not help it !

Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away :
Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay ; 15
For now my song is ended.

XVII

On a day, alack the day!
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air :
Through the velvet leaves the wind 5
All unseen 'gan passage find ;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath,
' Air,' quoth he, ' thy cheeks may blow ;
Air, would I might triumph so ! 10
But, alas ! my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :
Vow, alack ! for youth unmeet :
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
Thou for whom Jove would swear 15
Juno but an Ethiope were ;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.'

[XVIII]

My flocks feed not,
 My ewes breed not,
 My rams speed not ;
 All is amiss :
 Love's denying, 5
 Faith's defying,
 Heart's renying,
 Causer of this.
 All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
 All my lady's love is lost, God wot : 10
 Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
 There a nay is placed without remove.
 One silly cross
 Wrought all my loss ;
 O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame ! 15
 For now I see
 Inconstancy
 More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I, 20
Love hath forlorn me,
 Living in thrall :
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
O cruel speeding, 25
 Fraughted with gall.
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal :
My wether's bell rings doleful knell ;
My curtal dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid ; 20
My sighs so deep
Procure to weep,
 In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground, 35
 Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight !

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not

 Forth their dye ;
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping

 Fearfully :

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.

Farewell, sweet lass,
Thy like ne'er was

 For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan :
Poor Corydon
Must live alone ;

 Other help for him I see that there is none.

40

45

50

XIX

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial wight :
 Take counsel of some wiser head,
 Neither too young nor yet unwed.

5

And when thou comest thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell,—
A cripple soon can find a halt ;—
 But plainly say thou lovest her well,
 And set thy person forth to sell.

10

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night :
And then too late she will repent
That thus dissembled her delight ;
 And twice desire, ere it be day,
 That which with scorn she put away.

15

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay, 20
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say ;
 ‘ Had women been so strong as men,
 In faith, you had not had it then.’

And to her will frame all thy ways ; 25
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady’s ear :
 The strongest castle, tower and town,
 The golden bullet beats it down. 30

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble true ;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew :
 When time shall serve, be thou not slack 35
 To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know. 40

Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin and never for to saint :
There is no heaven, by holy then, 45
When time with age shall them attain.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But, soft ! enough—too much, I fear—
Lest that my mistress hear my song : 50
She will not stick to round me on th' ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long :
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

[XX]

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks, 5
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies, 10
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs ;
And if these pleasures may thee move, 15
Then live with me and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love. 20

XXI

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing, 5
Trees did grow and plants did spring ;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone :
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn, 10
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity :
' Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry ;
' Tereu, Tereu ! ' by and by ;
That to hear her so complain, 15
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own,

Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain !
 None takes pity on thy pain : 20
 Senseless trees they cannot hear thee ;
 Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee :
 King Pandion he is dead ;
 All thy friends are lapp'd in lead ;
 All thy fellow birds do sing, 25
 Careless of thy sorrowing.
 Even so, poor bird, like thee,
 None alive will pity me.
 Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
 Thou and I were both beguiled. 30
 Every one that flatters thee
 Is no friend in misery.
 Words are easy, like the wind ;
 Faithful friends are hard to find :
 Every man will be thy friend 35
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
 But if store of crowns be scant,
 No man will supply thy want.
 If that one be prodigal,
 Bountiful they will him call, 40
 And with such-like flattering,
 ' Pity but he were a king ; '

If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice ;
If to women he be bent, 45
They have at commandment :
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown ;
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more. 50
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need :
If thou sorrow, he will weep ;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep ;
Thus of every grief in heart 55
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.



Glossary.

- ADVISEDLY, deliberately ; 457.
AFFECTED, enamoured ; 157.
ALARMS, alarums, attacks ; 424.
ALONG, at full length ; 43.
ANGRY-CHAFING, chafing with anger ; 662.
ASKANCE, looking sideways ; 342.
ASPIRE, ascend, mount ; 150.
ATTAINT, infection ; 741.
AY ME ! ah me ! ; 833.
- BAN, curse ; P.P. xix. 20.
BANE, death, ruin ; 372.
BANNING, cursing ; 326.
BARRED, debarred ; 784.
BASE ; "to bid a base," *i.e.* to challenge to a race ; 303.
BATE-BREEDING, causing quarrel ; 655.
BATTERY, onset, assault ; 426.
BATTLE, battalion ; 619.
BAY ; "at a bay", *i.e.* "the state of the chase, when the game is driven to extremity and turns against the pursuers" ; 877.
BEREAVES, impairs, spoils ; 797.
BEWRAY'D, betrayed, disclosed ; P.P. xix. 54.
BLUNT, savage ; 884.
BOOTLESS, profitless ; 422.
BOTTOM-GRASS, grass growing in a deep valley ; 236.
BREATHING-WHILE, breathing time ; 1142.
- CABINET, nest ; 854.
CANKER, canker worm ; 656.
- CENSURE, judge, estimate ; Dedic.
CHARGE, blame ; P.P. xv. 2.
CIRCUMSTANCE, elaborate details ; 844.
CLEANLY, entirely ; 694.
CLEPES, calls ; 995.
CLIP, embrace ; 600.
CLOSURE, enclosure ; 782.
COASTETH TO, makes toward ; 870.
COLD ; "c. fault," cold scent, loss of scent ; 694.
COMBUSTIOUS, combustible ; 1162.
COMMISSION, warrant by which power is exercised ; 568.
COMPACT, composed ; 149.
COMPASS'D, arched, round ; 272.
CONCEIT, understanding ; P.P. iv. 9.
CONIRS, rabbits ; 687.
CONTEMN, contemptuously refuse ; 205.
COPE, encounter, fight with ; 888.
COURAGE, temperament ; 276.
COY, contemptuous ; 112.
CRANKS, twists ; 682.
CROSS, thwart, hinder ; 734.
CURIOUS, elaborate ; 734.
CURST, fierce ; 887.
CURVETS, bounds ; 279.
CYTHEREA, Venus ; P.P. iv. i. ; vi. 3.
- DAFF'D, put me off ; P.P. xiv. 3.
DANGER, perilous power ; 639.
DEAL ; "no d.", no whit ; P.P. xviii. 27.
DEFEATURE, disfigurement ; 736.
DEFY, despise ; P.P. xii. 11.
DESCANT, comment ; P.P. xiv. 4.
DEVICE, manner, cast of mind ; 789.

DEW-BEDABBLED, sprinkled with dew ; 703.

DISJOIN'D, drew asunder ; 541.

DISSENTIOUS, seditious ; 657.

DISTEMPERING, perturbing ; 653.

DIVE-DAPPER, didapper, dab-check ; 86.

DOUBLES, turns to escape pursuit ; 682.

EARE, plough ; Dedic. V. and A.

EBON, black ; 948.

ECSTASY, excitement ; 895.

EMBRACEMENTS, embraces ; 312.

ENVOIOUS, spiteful ; 705.

EXCELLING, exquisite ; 443.

EXCLAIMS ON, cries out against ; 930.

EYNE, eyes ; 633.

FAIR, beauty ; 1083.

FANCY, love ; P.P. xix. 4.

FAULT, a defect in the scent of the game ; 694.

FAVOUR, beauty ; 747.

FEAR, frighten ; 1094.

FIGURED, indicated by signs ; P.P. iv. 10.

FILED ; "f. talk", polished speech ; P.P. xix. 8.

FLAP-MOUTH'D, having broad hanging lips ; 920.

FLAWS, gusts of wind ; 456.

FOND, foolish ; 1021.

FONDLING, darling ; 220.

FORSOOK, renounced, proved faithless to ; 161.

FOR WHY, because ; P.P. x. 8 ; xv. 12.

FOUL, ugly ; 133.

FRET, chafe ; 621.

FRETS, corrodes ; 767.

GOETH ABOUT, makes attempts ; 319.

GRAVE, wound slightly (with a play upon "engrave") ; 376.

GREY, bluish-grey, "blue" ; 140.

HARD-FAVOUR'D, ill-featured ; 133.

HEAVY, troublesome, annoying (with a quibble on the literal meaning) ; 156.

HELPLESS, unprofitable ; 604.

HIS, its ; 359.

IMMURE, shut in ; 1194.

IMPERIOUS, imperial ; 996.

IMPOSTHUMES, abscesses ; 743.

INDENTING, zigzagging ; 704.

INFUSING, inspiring ; 928.

IN HAND WITH, taking in hand ; 912.

INSINUATE, try to make favour with ; 1012.

INSULTER, victor ; 550.

INTENDMENTS, intentions ; 222.

INVENTION, imagination, imaginative faculty ; Dedic. V. and A.

JAR, quarrel ; 100.

JEALOUS ; "j. of catching," fearing to be caught ; 321.

JENNET, young mare ; 260.

KILL, KILL! the old English battle-cry ; 652.

LAWND, lawn ; 813.

LEAVE, license ; 568.

LISTETH, desires ; 564.

LIVELIHOOD, animation, spirit ; 26.

LURE, the call or whistle by which the falconer attracts the hawk ; 1027.

MANAGE, train, break in ; 598.

MANE (used as plural) ; 272.

MARR'D, had injuriously caused ; 478.

MATCH, compact ; 586.

MATED, bewildered ; 909.

MEASURES, dances ; 1148.

MERMAID, siren ; 429.

MISS, misdoing ; 53.

MISTRUSTFUL, producing distrust or fear ; 826.

MORE, greater ; 78.

MORTAL, death-dealing ; 618, 953.

MUSING, wondering ; 866.

MUSITS, tracks through a hedge ; 683.

- NIL, will not; P.P. xiv. 8.
 NOUGHT; "all to n.", good for nothing; 993.
 NUZZLING, thrusting the nose in; (Qq. "*nousling*"); 1115.
 O'ERSTRAW'D, o'erstrewed; 1143.
 ORIENT, bright-shining; 981.
 OWE, own; 411.
 PACK, begone; P.P. xv. 17.
 PACK'D, sent packing; P.P. xv. 9.
 PALE, enclosure; 230.
 PALE, paleness; 589.
 PAPHOS, a town in Cyprus, sacred to Venus; 1193.
 PASSENGER, wayfarer; 91.
 PASSIONS, grieves; 1059.
 PHILOMELA, the nightingale; P.P. xv. 5.
 PINE, starve; 602.
 PITH, strength, force; 26.
 PRECEDENT, indication; (Qq., "*pre-sident*"; Malone, "*precedent*"); 26.
 PROOF, defensive armour; 626.
 PROVE, experience; 597.
 PROVED, tested; 608.
 RANK, excessive, over-full; 71.
 REAVES, bereaves; 766.
 RELENTETH, softens; 200.
 REMORSE, mercy; 257.
 REPINE, repining, sadness; 490.
 RESPECTING, seeing; 911.
 RESPECTS, considerations; 911.
 ROOT, uproot; 636.
 ROUND; "to r. me on th' ear", ? "to strike me on the ear"; (? "*i' the ear*"; *i.e.* to whisper in my ear); P.P. xix. 51.
 SELD, seldom; P.P. xiii. 7.
 SENSIBLE, endowed with feeling; 436.
 SERVILE TO, subject to; 112.
 SET, seated; 18.
 SEVERE, merciless; 1000.
 SHAG, shaggy; 295.
 SHINE, brightness; 728.
 SHORT, shorten; P.P. xv. 18.
 SHREWD, mischievous, evil; 500.
 SILLY, simple; 467.
 —, innocent, harmless; 1098.
 SITH, since; 762.
 SLIPS, used quibblingly for (i) blunders, (ii) counterfeit coins so named; 515.
 SMELL, scent; 686.
 SORTETH, associates; 689.
 SPLEEN, heat; P.P. vi. 6.
 SPLEENS, passionate humours; 907.
 SPRIGHT, spirit; (Qq., "*sprite*"); 181.
 SPRING, shoot, blossom; 656.
 SPRINGING, blooming; 417.
 STAIN; "st. to all nymphs," *i.e.* eclipsing all nymphs; causing them to appear sullied by contrast; 9.
 STALL'D, got as in a stall, fixed; P.P. xix. 2.
 STEEP-UP, high, precipitous; P.P. ix. 5.
 STICK, hesitate; P.P. xix. 51.
 STILLITORY, still; 443.
 STRANGENESS, distant manner, reserve; 310.
 STRICT, tight, close; 874.
 SUSPECT, suspicion; 1010.
 TEEN, vexation; 808.
 TESTY, irritated; 319.
 THICK-SIGHTED, short-sighted; 136.
 THINK, expect; P.P. xix. 43.
 TIMELY, early; P.P. x. 3.
 TIRED, (?) attired (Collier, "tired, *i.e.* attired); 177.
 TIRES, feeds ravenously; 56.
 TITAN, the Sun-god; 177.
 TOWARD, docile, tractable; 1157.
 TOYS, whims; P.P. xix. 39.
 TREATISE, discourse; 774.

TRENCH'D, gashed ; 1052.
 TURN ; "this good t.", kind action,
 (with perhaps a quibble on the
 previous "turns") ; 92.

TUSHES, tusks ; 617.

UNCOUPLE, set loose the hounds ;
 673.

UNKIND, childless ; 204.

UNTREADS, retraces ; 908.

UP-TILL, against, on ; P.P. xxi. 10.

URCHIN-SNOUDED, snouted like a
 hedgehog ; 1105.

USE, interest ; 768.

VADED, faded ; P.P. x. 1 ; VADETH,
 fadeth ; P.P. xiii. 2.

VAILS, lower ; 314.

VENTURE ; (pronounced "venter,"
 rhyming with "enter") ; 628.

VILIA MIRETUR VULGUS, etc. Ovid's
Amores, bk. I. El. xv. ll. 35, 36 :—
 "Let base conceited wits admire
 vile things,

*Fair Phœbus leads me to the
 Muses' springs,"*

(? Marlowe's *Version*, pub. circa 1598 ;
 cf. Ben Jonson's *Poelaster*, Act. 1) ;
 Motto to V. and A.

VULTURE, ravenous ; 551.

WAT, familiar name for a hare ; 697.

WATCH, keep awake ; 584.

WATCH, watchman ; P.P. xv. 2.

WEAR, wear out ; 506.

WELL-BREATHED, well exercised, in
 good training ; 678.

WHEN AS, when ; 999.

WHETHER ; "they know not w.",
i.e. which of the two ; 304.

WINKS, closes the eyes ; 90.

WISTLY, wistfully ; 343.

WITHHOLD, restrain ; 612.

WOOD, mad ; 740.

WORM, serpent ; 933.

WRACK, ruin ; 558.

WREAK'D, revenged ; 1004.

WRITON, writ about, (?) predicted ; 506.



Notes.

- VENUS AND ADONIS; 156. 'shouldst'; Q. 1, 'should'.
171. *cp.* Sonnet I.
211. 'lifeless'; Q. 1, 2, 3, 'lieuesse'.
213. 'Statue'; Q. 1, 2, 3, 'Statüe'; *cp.* l. 1013; Q. 3, 4, 'statües'.
231; 239; 689. 'deer'; Q. 1, 2, 3, 'deare'.
272. 'stand,' so Q. 1-4; the rest 'stands'.
283. 'stir'; Q. 1, 2, 3, 'sturre'.
304. 'And whether'; Qq., 'And where' (*i.e.* 'where').
334; 402. 'fire'; Q. 1, 2, 3, 'fier'; but 'fire,' l. 494 (rhyming with 'desire').
353. 'tenderer'; Q. 1. 'tendrer'; the rest, 'tender'.
362. 'gaol'; Qq. 'gaille'; 'Iaile'.
392. 'master'd'; Q. 1, 2, 3, 'maister'd'; *cp.* l. 114, 'mastering';
Q. 1, 2, 3, 'maistring'.
——, 'rein'; Q. 1-10, 'raine'.
429. 'mermaid's'; early Qq. 'marmaides'; 'marmaid'; *cp.*
l. 777; Q. 1, 2, 3, 'marmaides', Q. 4, 'mirmaides'
434. 'invisible'; Steevens conj. 'invincible'.
454. 'wreck'; Qq., 'wracke', 'wrack' (*cp.* l. 558).
466. 'bankrupt'; Qq., 'bankrout', 'banckrout', 'banquerout'.

466. 'love'; S. Walker conj. 'loss'.
507. 'verdure'; Q. 1, 2, 3, 'verdour'.
529. 'gait'; Qq., 'gate'.
547. 'prey'; Qq., 'pray' (tho' rhyming with 'obey'); so 'prayer',
l. 724, and 'pray' (rhyming with 'day'), l. 1097.
567. 'venturing'; Qq., 'ventring'.
599. 'Tantalus'; Qq., 'Tantalus'.
628. 'venture'; Qq., 'venter' (rhyming with 'enter').
632. 'eyes pay'; Q. 1, 2, 'eye paies'.
680. 'overshoot,' Steevens conj.; Qq. 1, 2, 3, 'over-shut.'
705. 'doth'; Q. 1, 2, 3, 'do'.
743. 'imposthumes'; Qq., 'impostumes'.
781. 'run'; Q. 1, 2, 3, 'ronne' (rhyming with 'undone').
832. 'deeply'; S. Walker conj. 'doubly'.
902. 'together'; Qq., 'together' (rhyming with 'whither');
sp. l. 971; Q. 1, 2, 3, 'all together' (rhyming with 'weather');
Q. 4, 'altogether'.
940. 'random'; Q. 1-4, 'randon'.
993. 'all to nought' (rhyming with 'wrought'); Dyce, 'all-to
naught'; Delius, 'all-to naught'.
1002. 'decease'; early Qq., 'decesse' (rhyming with 'confess').
- 1013-1014. 'stories His'; Theobald's conjecture; Qq., 'stories,
His'.
1041. 'ugly'; Q. 1, 'ougly'.
1067. 'limb'; Qq., 'lim'.
1117. 'been'; Q. 1, 'bin'.
1155. 'severe'; early Qq. 'seveare' (rhyming with
'fear').
1161. 'servile'; Q. 1, 2, 'servuill'; cp. line 392, 'servilely';
Q. 1, 2, 3, 'servuilly'.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM: I. II.; *cp.* SONNETS, CXXXVIII., cxliv.

III. V. XVII.; *cp.* LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, IV. iii. 60-73; IV. ii. 109-122; IV. iii. 101-120.

VIII. 5. John Dowland was one of the most famous of Elizabethan musicians; his song-books appeared in 1597, 1600, and 1603; his "*Pilgrim's Solace*", 1612. There are many references to him in Elizabethan and later literature, more especially to his '*Lachrymæ, or, Seven Tears figured in seven heavenlie Pavans*' (1605); (*cp.* Bullen's *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books*).

XII. 12. '*stay'st*'; old eds. '*staies*'.

XIII. Two copies of this poem "from a corrected MS." were printed in *Gent. Mag.* xx, 521; xxx, 39; the variants do not improve the poem.

XV. 8. '*And drives*'; perhaps we should read, '*And daylight drives*', (*Anon. conj.*).

XVIII. 5. '*Love's denying*'; Malone's conj.; old eds., '*Love is dying*'; England's Helicon, '*Love is denying*'.

7. '*renying*'; ed. 1599, '*nenying*'.

21. '*Love hath forlorn me*'; Steevens conj. '*Love forlorn I*'.

31-32. '*My sighs . . . Procure to*'; edd. 1599, 1612, '*With sighes . . . procures to*'; the reading of the text is Malone's.

43. '*back peeping*'; edd. 1599, 1612, '*blacke peeping*'.

XIX. 4. '*fancy, partial wight*'; Capell MS. and Malone conj. withdrawn; edd. 1599, 1612, '*fancy (party all might)*'; ed. 1640, '*fancy (partly all might)*'; Malone (from MS. copy), '*fancy, partial like*'; Collier (from MS. copy), '*partial fancy like*'; Steevens conj. '*fancy, partial tike*'; Furnivall conj. '*fancy's partial might*'.

45. 'There is no heaven, by holy then'; the line has been variously emended; Malone reads from an old MS. :—

*Here is no heaven; they holy then
Begin, when, etc.*

No satisfactory emendation has been proposed, and perhaps the original reading may be allowed to stand without the comma after 'heaven':—'there is no heaven by holy then', i.e., "by that holy time"; others suggest, 'be holy then', or 'by the holy then', etc.

XX. 1. 'Live with me, and be my love'; in *England's Helicon* and other early versions the line runs, 'Come live with me', etc., and in this way it is usually quoted. Two verses found in *England's Helicon* are omitted in the present version, but included in the 1640 ed., where "Love's Answer" is also in six quatrains; the additional matter was evidently also derived from *England's Helicon*. After l. 12 the following lines are inserted:—

*"A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty Lambs we pull.
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold."*

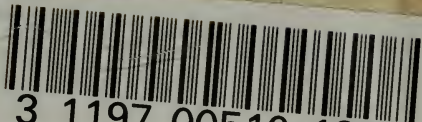
The last stanza runs thus:—

*"The shepherds' swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love."*

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